

# ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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## BELIEVINGS OF SPRING.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

What was Spring?—sweet voices in the woods  
And birdlike voices, that have been made;  
That brighten'd the earth, the cool eye's new life,  
With some sweet-sounding musicfulness of glee;

Etc., etc., in an endless list.

But the spring of these,—the sun has less heat  
And the seasons gladden many a rose and glade,  
While each young sprout a tiny rosebuds receives  
When the sunbeams through the branching shade;

When many a thousand rustling dews agt the grass,  
Etc., etc., that the seasons pass.

And bright as these,—then too hear thy call—  
The Awakener?—that has been here so long,  
To wake us from the sleep of half a year;—  
Hush, hush, hush, and in the forest deep,

Where softest sounds, and low, gentlest bays,

As the wren, the busy babbler, of flowers;

Or the lark that has set thy glory free,

Circling the evening shadows many a hour,

As they seem—yet even to the joyful eye

Glow's all time is ever, O Spring?—

With all its bloom, with all its songs?

—that glist'ns back so morn'd, bared, bare,

With strong-sounding, from the sun's deep cell,

Gods for the faces we no more shall see!

But voices, that are gone,

Looks of familiar love, that never more,

Never on earth, our aching eyes shall find,

With words of welcome to our fond, fond heart,

With words of welcome to the flowered bower,

With words of welcome to the green bower,

With words of welcome to the





